

**His Science Was a Little Off.**  
One night a young man in Divinity Hall at Yale undertook, with a toy rifle, to hit a lamp. But his aim was poor and the ball passed through the window of an eminent and venerable professor of science and imbedded itself in the wall.

This was the opportunity for the professor and for science. He, too, set to work and computed the curve, and with the exact skill of infallible figures he traced the ball right back to the room of an innocent colleague, who didn't even know the rifle had been fired.

The unfledged minister flatly denied

all knowledge of the affair. But men, even ministers, have been known to make denials in self-defense, and the professor had the proof with him. There was the bullet, there were the marks of its course, and there was the computation worked out.

It looked as if a pulpist career was to be nipped in the bud. But the guilty student heard what was going on. He called on the professor, confessed the offense, pointed out that the man of science was 200 feet out in his computation, and advised that the matter be dropped right where it was. And that was done.—Hartford Courant.

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**IN MY CASTLE IN THE SKY.**  
Silver bells gaily chime  
In my castle in the sky;  
Dremin', dremin', all the time  
In my castle in the sky.  
Free from sorrow, free from care,  
Happy all the time up there;  
Birds are singin' everywhere  
In my castle in the sky.

All the chests are filled with gold,  
In my castle in the sky;  
Priceless treasures quaint and old,  
In my castle in the sky.  
One thing only makes me pine,  
Makes the chills creep down my spine,  
That is when I have to dine  
In my castle in the sky.  
—R. B. Garrison.

### THE TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

A huge pile of long Hickory sticks, a tiny little heap of sawed wood, a long, long boy lying in the grass beside the pile saw and bark—that was what the tramp saw as he looked over the high board fence into the barn yard.

"Oh, how I do wish I'd let me go fishin' after dinner, and then I'd finish this wood pile to-morrow! But he won't!"—that was what the tramp heard as at last the big lady boy got up and went to work again.

"Say, sonny, don't you want somebody to saw that wood for you?" asked the tramp.

"You bet!" responded John, turning around.

"I'm the man will do it, if you'll give me a bite to eat."

"All right," assented John, eagerly. Why not give a poor tramp his dinner, besides securing for himself the promised dime with which to buy fish hooks and such?

Over the fence came the tramp with a bound, and at once began work. He had the appearance of being a happy fellow—and not one bit sad, nor bad, nor hungry looking, such as a tramp generally is. He was smiling all the time he worked, or else was whistling, and a millionaire could not have seemed jollier or better contented with his lot in life. He had curly, black hair, a clean shaven face, dark, blue eyes, and his clothes were far above the average for a tramp. Johnnie laid down in the grass again and stared at his employee—not that a tramp was by any means a rarity in Dubdale, but this one was such a queer tramp.

"Guess you can get me my grub now, sonny," he remarked after a bit. "I'm most through with this job, and as I ate a remarkably early breakfast, and have tramped twelve or fifteen miles, I'm about ready to dine."

Chance favored Johnnie as she does many a worse rogue, so that just as his mother returned from a neighbor's, where she had gone to borrow some little thing for dinner, her scheming son disappeared through the barn yard gate.

"Le—that boy couldn't wait till dinner!" exclaimed the good lady as she brushed up the crumbs Johnnie, in his haste, had left behind. "Poor child! he must be hungry." So she poked up the fire, and made everything burn for an early dinner.

Johnnie brought his tramp a cup of hot coffee, and good substantial lunch. "How long have you been tramping?" he inquired, as the tramp began his meal.

"About six years, I reckon."

"Gee whal! don't you get awful tired?"

"Stop and rest when I get tired. No, I like tramping first rate—always something new going on, and, besides, I'm always free to do just as I please."

"Ain't it pretty tough in winter?" was Johnnie's next question.

"I generally steer southward when winter is coming on. I've been in a good many places in these United States, youngster, and I bet I get more fun out of life—more real, honest fun, that don't hurt nobody, than a dozen of these fellows all put together, that stay at home."

"Ye-es," assented Johnnie, "but don't you want to see your folks, nor nothin' like that?"

"No. Ain't got any folks. That don't need to worry me any."

"Yes, but I'd think you would want to stay in one place and get rich and have nice clothes, and all that," persisted Johnnie, who was almost convinced of the glories of tramp life.

"See here, sonny, I've had more money than you ever counted on, and by which he could form some estimate of its financial standing. "Ten years ago I was worth forty thousand dollars." And the tramp looked impressed.

"My-y stars!" ejaculated Johnnie, catching his breath. "Well, you ain't got it now—what's gone with it?"

"Oh—no need to talk about that," replied the tramp airily. "Had a jolly good time with it, and ain't one bit sorry it's gone. Dressed nice. There wasn't a bigger swell in town than me, and I drove the horses, and all that sort of thing, you know. But when the cash was gone, and you bet I made it fly after I was 21, my aunt, who raised me, didn't have any more use for such as me, so I skipped out, and I've been skipping ever since."

Quite a little pause, then he continued: "Some of these days when I get rheumatism or something of the sort, so tramping won't be so jolly, I'm going to settle down and write a book about where all I've been, and all I've seen. Once in a while I run over some old fellow I used to fly around with at home, and before he gets away from me he will have 'most a notion to take to tramping himself, seeing that I have so fine a time of it." Then he was quiet for a good while, and a pucker settled down over his eyes as he finished his dinner.

"The only time I ever wished I was something else was about a week ago, but it didn't last long," he said, as he set aside the basket and cup. "Maybe ten miles from here, I come to a little town, and the first house I come to was a cute little frame concern, all built up new and nice, and made me think that like as not some young couple just starting out in life was beginning there—that kind is always the best to tackle."

"Well, I went around the house, and when I got to the corner, I was just struck to the ground with surprise. There on the back porch, behind the vines, sat the first girl I was ever engaged to—she was singing and crying

and rocking a cradle. Fact is, I cared more for that girl than I ever did for anybody, and I'd have known her most anywhere. How it come we never got married, we were neither of us of age, so we concluded to wait until we were, which would be about three years. Well, three years is a good long bit, when you're young and full of devilment, so to fill up that time I got to smiling pretty much on one or two other girls, which set her to fidgeting with the boys, till I was beat at my own game. Then we had a high old racket, for I saw she didn't object to another fellow who wanted her as bad as I did, and it riled me considerable just the same; we all broke up, and that ended it for always, for me. I was engaged two or three times after that before my money ran out, but it got monotonous, and I couldn't like anybody very long after that. I reckon that if I had had good sense on the start, everything would have been all right to-day, and she would have been boss in my house; and—"

"Thought you wouldn't like to stay—" began Johnnie as the story teller paused a moment, but he was interrupted.

"I'd have given a quarter to get away, but she seemed to get me looking at her, for she turned around, and seeing me, looked mighty scared."

"I don't mean any harm, ma'am," says I, "but won't you please give me something to eat?" which of course was all I could say, and under the peculiar circumstances it wasn't any more than natural that I'd think of the dozen times I'd danced with that very girl, and took her buggy riding, and kissed her—yes, and hugged her, too!

"Certainly," says she, "just come here to the stove." Then she went in the house and brought out a tray with a napkin on it, which was a little politeness I hadn't known for some time, though for a tramp I generally get treated pretty fair. Maybe she thought it was me, or some sixty-third cousin of mine, for she brought cake and pie, and bread with butter and jelly spread on some sliced ham and pickles, and some more stuff. Lord! think of it—when I might have been eating with three times a day for the last six years!

"Well, I sat there eating what she gave me, feeling like a regular dumb fool for the first time in my life, and looking at her just as much as ever I could without her knowing it. She used to be right plump, and had the cutest frizzes and blackest eyes ever you seen and beat all to be sa-sy and comical in her sayings. That was eight or ten years ago. She is somewhat thinner now, and her hair isn't frizzed, and she seemed then to be very quiet and steady, but she looked good and happy and contented, for which I was very glad, and I know she wouldn't have looked so much so if she had married me—I guess I'm naturally wild."

"I was as long eating that dinner as I could manage it, but all things has to end, so every crumb got away at last, and I had to go."

"Would you object to telling me your name?" I says, looking straight at her.

"Mrs. William Bates," she says, very quiet.

"That's what I supposed it was. Just then a little shaver about five years old, with big black eyes, came walking out on the porch and rubbing his eyes like he had been to sleep. At sight of me he tucks his head in his arm, and looks at me kind of shy, and laughs—one of her old tricks right over again."

"It seems to me I have seen you before," she says, still in that quiet way that made me certain she knew me.

"I'm sorry you said that—Kate," I was going to say, but before I got her name out, I was getting out of that yard quick, for there was a lump in my throat, and a storm in my chest, and I felt worse than I had since she and I said 'tra-la-lee, love!' It's the first time ever I didn't step up and shake hands with an old friend whether they wanted me to or not."

"Seeing there was only that one street, I kept a lookout for Bill Bates. "Sure enough! There was a store, with the sign, 'Wm. Bates, boots and shoes,' and sitting on a box in front of the store was Bill Bates himself. He was laughing and talking—happy as a clam. I didn't care about looking him in the face, but he stopped his talking as I went past. I felt like hitting him a lick under the chin, and I ain't a fighting man, either. Still, it was all my own fault. Kate had as good a right to flirt as I had, but then I had never counted on her caring more for anybody than for me."

"Johnnie, Johnnie, come to dinner, dear!" called his mother.

"Here—go out of this gate," ordered Johnnie, as the tramp started to re-climb the fence. At the same time he tucked the basket and cup amongst some weeds in the fence corner, and then began energetically jumping up and down.

"Ah—I see—a young schemer, eh?" laughed the tramp as he opened the alley gate.

"I wish I was n—like you," sighed Johnnie, as he looked the gate. "I'd like to do just as I pleased."

"Better stay at home, sonny. No danger but you'll make both ends meet. Good bye, and I'm much obliged for your dinner. Maybe we'll meet again some day," and the tramp went his way, whistling as he went.

**Stopping a Great Ship.**  
The time required to arrest the motion of a ship and bring it to a standstill can be accurately determined by calculations. These calculations have been recently made for several well-known ships. To stop the Etruria, whose displacement is 9,680 tons, horse power 14,321 and speed 20.18 knots an hour, two minutes and forty-seven seconds are required, and during the process of stopping, the ship will forge ahead 2,464 feet, or nearly one-half a mile. The United States cruiser Columbia, with a displacement of 7,850 tons, 17,991 horse power and a speed of 22.8 knots, can be stopped in two minutes and fifteen seconds and within a space of 2,147 feet. The Gushing, United States Navy, whose displacement is only 105 tons and horse power 1,754, with a speed of 22.46 knots, can be stopped within a distance of 301 feet in 18.4 seconds. In each case the vessel is supposed to be going at full speed, and the stoppage produced by reversing the action of the propeller.

### PICTURESQUE JAPAN ISLAND

Where Death Has Never Come and Where Poverty Dwells.

Miyajima is an island midway in the Indian Sea, lying so far within the bend of the Asi shore that it cannot be seen from the route of the large ocean steamers that pass through those enchanted waters. To reach it most appropriately one must take one of the tiny coasting steamers from Osaka, and, touching at a dozen quaint little ports on the matchless voyage, at last see the mountainous green island, with temple roofs showing here and there through all the dense foliage of the heights, and, standing far out in the water, a heroic torii, its gateway to that ideal place where death has never come; where religion and landscape loveliness, legend and poetry, still dwell; where the simple villagers, the gentle old Shinto priests, and the tame deer, protected by the gods and loved by the people, maintain an atmosphere foreign to the busy new Japan of railroads, parliaments, imported military tactics and modern war vessels.

One may take the railway from Kobe to Hiroshima, and then a jinkishu for twelve miles along its bay, and be ferried across a narrow strait to this island of the blessed, which will impress the more with its Arcadian features when one comes to it from all the bagging, parading and din of mimic war that goes on in the shadow of Hiroshima's picturesque castle keep, and at its port of Ujina, chief naval station of the empire, and, during that victory year of 1864, port of departure of transport ships to Korea and China. Then one can accept the legend that Miyajima grew from one of the congealed drops that fell from Izanami's jeweled spear, and that Itsukushima and her two sisters, daughters of the god of the sea, aptly chose it for their favors; that their temple rose from and floated in from the sea, and that the great water torii grew with the tides as naturally as any coral reef.

There is a small village at the foot of a green bank, but that is off by its commonplace, profane self, and the temple is enshrined in an amphitheater of the hills, with a shore-and-water foreground all its own. On the shoreline at the edge of the village a noble torii of Oshima granite, each pillar and crossbeam a single stone, marks the entrance to sacred ground; and this road, following the curve of the shore, is lined for a quarter of a mile to the temple with tall stone lanterns, the same alignment of votive lights continuing for half a mile along shore at the other side of the great shrine.

The water torii is the unique and great feature of Miyajima's shrine, and one grows very familiar with it from its representations by Japanese artists in every line. The colossus is formed of great beams, each hewn from the single trunk of a camphor tree, and strengthened at the base by crossbeams joining low parallel columns, which give it balance and solidity and most impressive effect. These beams are covered below the water line with such a heavy growth of barnacles and marine plants that the torii seems very reasonably a part of the sea god's kingdom and creating. This skeleton gate in the sea is so delicate and fairylike in a first distant view that one is not prepared for its great size, and the impressive sense of its proportions, when one floats in between its great camphorwood piers, as massive and solid as masonry. Sculling through this notable gateway, and across the water court of approach, at high tide, one may visit every part of the temple, and penetrate to the farthest labyrinth, passing beneath galleries and bridges, and floating before the open fronts of the great shrines. The galleries connecting the different parts of the temple, have, strung along their leaves, hundreds of quaint little bronze and iron lanterns, all votive offerings, as also are the pictures that hang in line above them and form a famous gallery of ancient art—Century.

**Novel Way to Raise Money.**  
A mammoth artificial mosquito adorned the New Jersey State booth at the Washington convention. At the close of the convention this was sold and the proceeds were devoted to the Armenian relief fund.

**Nice Neatness.**  
"I hope you are saving your money for the heathen," said the vicar to the nice little boy.

"Yes, sir, I am. Circus that's coming got Arab, wild African niggers and all sorts of heathen in it," said the nice little boy.—Answer.



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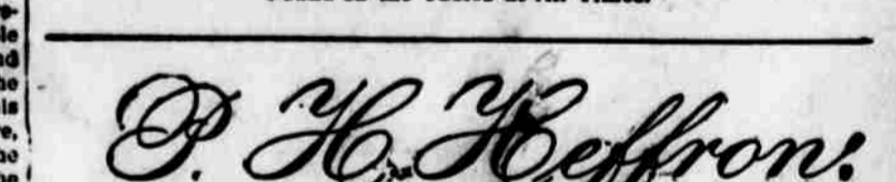
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